

VI.

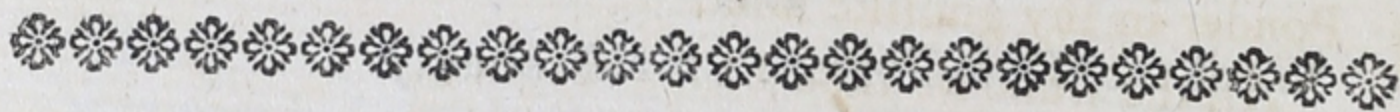
Thro' youth and age in love excelling,
 We'll hand in hand together tread,
 Sweet smiling Peace shall crown our dwelling,
 And babes, sweet smiling babes, our bed.

VII.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
 Whilst round my knees they fondly clung,
 To see 'em look their mother's features,
 To hear 'em lisp their mother's tongue.

VIII.

And when with envy Time transported
 Shall think to rob us of our joys,
 You'll in your girls again be courted,
 And I go wooing in my boys.



The G E N I U S.

An ODE, written in 1717, on occasion of the
 Duke of MARLBOROUGH'S Apoplexy.

I.

A WEFUL here, Marlborough, rise:
 Sleepy charms I come to break:
 Higher turn thy languid eyes:
 Lo! thy Genius calls: awake!

II. Well

II.

Well survey this faithful plan,
 With records thy life's great story ;
 'Tis a short, but crowded span,
 Full of triumphs, full of glory.

III.

One by one thy deeds review,
 Sieges, battles, thick appear ;
 Former wonders, lost in new,
 Greatly fill each pompous year.

IV.

This is Blenheim's crimson field,
 Wet with gore, with slaughter stain'd !
 Here retiring squadrons yield,
 And a bloodless wreath is gain'd !

V.

Ponder in thy godlike mind
 All the wonders thou hast wrought ;
 Tyrants, from their pride declin'd,
 Be the subject of thy thought !

VI.

Rest thee here, while life may last :
 Th' utmost bliss, to man allow'd,
 Is to trace his actions past,
 And to own them great and good.

VII.

But 'tis gone — a mortal born !
 Swift the fading scenes remove —
 Let them pass with noble scorn,
 Thine are worlds, which roll above.

VIII.

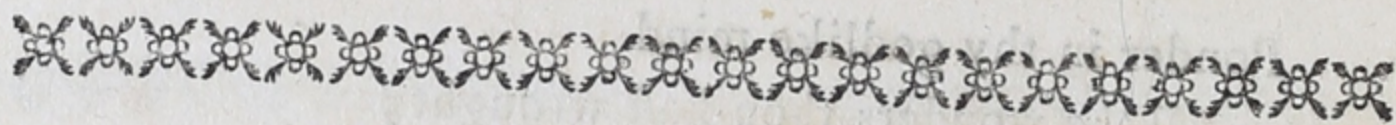
Poets, prophets, heroes, kings,
 Pleas'd, thy ripe approach foresee ;
 Men, who acted wond'rous things,
 Tho' they yield in fame to thee.

IX.

Foremost, in the patriot-band,
 Shining with distinguish'd day,
 See thy friend, Godolphin stand!
 See! he beckons thee away.

X.

Yonder seats and fields of light
 Let thy ravish'd thought explore ;
 Wishing, panting for thy flight!
 Half an angel ; man no more.



TRANSLATIONS from HORACE.

By Mr. MARRIOTT, of Trinity-Hall, Cambridge.

Book I. Ode XVIII. Invitation to his Mistress.

OF Faunus leaves Arcadia's plain,
 And to the Sabine hill retreats :
 He guards my flocks from rushing rain,
 From piercing winds, and scorching heats.